

## The devil's in you and me. by lapits (nadagio)

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**Summary:**

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## The devil's in you and me.

### Author's Note:

Surprisingly lacking in smut.

“You’ve got a bit of the devil in you,” Steve said, admiring.

He felt light-headed, something hot and familiar and pure *sin* building up inside him. Billy sneered.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean, Harrington?”

“So do I,” Steve continued, instead of explaining. “More than just a bit.”

Billy flinched as Steve’s hand rose to touch his cheek, but he set his jaw and stubbornly met Steve’s gaze. His eyes burned with anger, with defiance, with desire.

They kissed, and their lips burned. They touched, and their bodies burned. They sinned, and their souls burned.

Together, Steve and Billy were fire and damnation.

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Steve chose a young, handsome body because he wanted to have fun. Steve chose the largest, most expensive house in town and the nicest, most expensive car because he was, after all, accustomed to luxury. Steve chose Hawkins because it was small and quiet and safe. Completely boring and ordinary. He figured it was a good place to be forgotten.

In hindsight, maybe some part of him already knew. Maybe some part of him – despite his desire to escape and experience human “normal” – craved the familiar and felt the beginnings of a tear into hell close by when he chose Hawkins as home.

Familiar or not, when Steve was confronted with the hideous material form of a minor demon’s pet monster – Steve wasn’t thrilled. Horrified, more like. Terrified, even. What if the monster, or its

master, recognized what he was? What if the knowledge of his location spread?

Steve's weak mortal shell reacted to the stress with panic. For the first time he feared not only discovery but also pain and death.

It wasn't a good time for Steve.

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"You fucking with me right now?"

Billy followed right after Steve, agitated and uncertain. Teeth gritted and stride long, he caught up quickly and grabbed Steve's arm to turn him around.

Steve turned easily. He smiled and put his hands on Billy's chest. Caressed instead of pushed.

"A little," Steve admitted. "Just don't want to rush, is all. We're alone out here, Billy, we can take our time."

"Maybe I don't have that much patience," Billy said, but he looked relieved. His grip loosened on Steve's arm. His hands went for Steve's hips as Steve backed out of reach.

"Maybe you should learn," Steve said. He reached for the zipper of his jacket and lowered it slowly, meeting Billy's eyes. Billy frowned but didn't go after him, just watched. Wary but interested.

"Talk to me, will you?" Steve said once the jacket was unzipped. He pulled it off completely and tossed it to the ground, not caring that it would get dirty. "Tell me about yourself."

"Why the hell do you want to *talk* when we could be *fucking*?" Billy sneered. He shifted on his feet, licking his lips when Steve reached for the hem of his shirt and stripped it off in one smooth gesture.

"Curious, I guess." Steve said. He dropped the shirt and started to unbuckle his belt. *That* got him a strong flare of lust on top of the anger at being forced to wait. Steve was already feeling tipsy at the strength of Billy's emotions. "What's got a guy like you – good looking and talented – rolling into town with a grudge against the

whole world? Why are you so angry, Billy?”

“That is none of your fucking business, Harrington,” Billy said, hands clenched into fists. “Are you even gonna let me *touch* you, or is this some weird... *striptease* interrogation?”

“Fine, don’t tell me,” Steve said. Belt gone, he unbuttoned his jeans. “But are you thinking about it? All the shit that’s happened. Every wrong done to you. It makes you angry, right? It makes you want to *do* something. Why don’t you do something? Scared?”

“Shut *up!*” Billy snapped, stalking forward and pushing Steve back. Steve stumbled and laughed. Billy shoved him back again, and again, until Steve’s back slammed into the trunk of a tree. The pain couldn’t drown out the pleasure Steve felt as Billy crowded in close.

Billy’s features were the perfect image of wrath, but even more overwhelming to Steve was the lust. He was ablaze.

“Shut the fuck up.”

Billy pressed his hips forward until they met Steve’s. They were both hard in their jeans and Steve gasped.

The look in Billy’s eyes was nothing less than unhinged. Passionate. Out of control. Reckless. It perfectly matched the fire in Steve’s soul.

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Nancy wasn’t supposed to matter.

Steve wanted a girlfriend, sure. Someone beautiful and smart, because that’s how “normal” went. The good kind of normal. That’s what he wanted.

He figured it would be a bonus to corrupt her a little, to draw some pleasure from introducing a mostly pure soul to some sin and vice. A bit of lust and sloth, here and there, a taste of gluttony and pride. But that was just a bit of fun, nothing serious. No lasting damage. He came to Hawkins to escape the worst hell had to offer and wasn’t going to start anything like that himself.

Steve hadn’t counted on caring as much as he did. Hadn’t counted on

Nancy corrupting *him*. Not with sin, but with virtue.

It hurt. To grow, to self-examine. To believe he could be something *more*. Something better. But he loved it, too. Steve loved *Nancy*.

And yet.

Something inside him itched. Wanted to scream in protest. Wanted still, so desperately, to *sin*.

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“The quarry?”

“Yeah.” Billy shifted the car into park. He twisted sideways to look at Steve and frowned. “What, not a good enough place for *King Steve* to fuck around?”

Steve shook his head. He said, “No, it’s perfect. No one around to hear you scream, right?”

Billy laughed. “You’re full of shit,” he said. “Is this where you murder me in the woods?”

“Not my kinda thing,” Steve said. It really wasn’t. He didn’t have a taste for violence or death. “But you’ll still be screaming by the end of this, guaranteed.”

And he would be – screaming in anger or in pleasure. Steve really hoped it was pleasure. Lust was his favorite sin.

“You’re a cocky fuck,” Billy said, and he placed a hand on Steve’s seat to lean closer with a leer. “Let’s see if you have the skill to back it up, hm?”

Steve waited. Allowed Billy to lean closer as their anticipation rose and the lust simmered.

At the last moment he pulled away. It wouldn’t be that easy. He had to let it build. Steve wanted to *feast* that day.

“Too cramped in here,” Steve said and opened the door. “I need to stretch my legs.”

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Meeting Billy Hargrove was like looking into a funhouse mirror. Steve saw a warped image of his own past, of when Steve came to Hawkins full of resentment over his circumstances. Steve could taste Billy's pride, Billy's envy, Billy's *wrath*. The wrath was thick, like a cloud of putrid smoke that followed the boy wherever he went.

Every time their eyes met Steve tasted *lust* and a responding fire lit inside him. Part of him struggled to let loose, to feed the flames. Steve smothered it ruthlessly. That wasn't who he was, anymore. Steve turned away. Every time.

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Steve sprawled comfortably in the passenger seat of Billy's Camaro. He felt satisfied, knowing what was coming, but was also eager – so very eager – to finally *get it*. Knowing it was coming soon, he was almost able to relax. Was able to play at being patient. Soon.

“Not gonna ask where we're going?” Billy said after some time.

“Hmm?” Steve rolled his head sideways to look at Billy instead of at the passing scenery. “Should I care?”

“You should,” Billy said, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel as he was forced to slow down by a car in front of them. “If you have any sort of sense.”

“You think I should be afraid? Of what you'll do to me when we get there? Billy.” Steve smiled, easy and warm. “Anything you have to give me, I *want*. Pleasure. Pain. Anything. I *want it*.”

“You're fucked up, Harrington.” Billy looked at him sideways and laughed. “Are you on something right now? Are you high?”

“Nope!” Steve said, popping the “p.” He laughed too. “Just decided to stop giving a shit. Why shouldn't I have fun, you know? I want to feel good. That doesn't make me evil, does it?”

“...No?” Billy turned his head, met Steve's eyes and quickly looked away again. He licked his lips. “You are... not what I expected, Harrington.”

“Obviously. You don’t know me at all.”

“Yeah... I’m starting to get that.”

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Nancy wasn’t around so much to inspire him, anymore. With her faith and charity, her sense of justice and her courage. But Steve was determined to hold on to what they’d built together, the changes he’d made.

Steve was a better person, and that was good.

So why was he so miserable?

He held on as long as he could. Through tedious classes and lonely nights, through healing wounds and whispering in the halls at school.

Steve turned away every time Billy tried to start something. Ignored the taunts and the shoving during basketball. Ignored the lingering eyes and sweeping tongue everywhere else.

He

held

on.

Until he couldn’t. Not for a second longer.

He broke.

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“Let’s do this, Hargrove.”

They were in the parking lot after school. Steve had followed Billy to his car. Steve stood with his feet planted wide and his shoulders drawn back. He stood tall, sure of himself in a way he hadn’t been for ages.

“What’s ‘this?’” Billy said, leaning against the open driver’s side door. His eyes were narrow and his lips pressed thin with distrust.

“Whatever the hell you want this to be,” Steve said. He waved a dismissive hand. “Whatever the fuck you *want* with me. You want to fight or fuck? Fight *and* fuck? I don’t give a shit, but quit fucking around about it.”

Billy sneered and straightened slowly. He was trying to be intimidating but Steve was unmoved. A spark of lust caught the air as their eyes met. It was all Steve could do not to start something right there in the parking lot for everyone to see. Fight or fuck, it needed to happen privately. He had that much sense left.

“Don’t project your sick fantasies on *me*, amigo. All I want is to put you in your place.”

“And where is my *place*, Billy?” Steve stepped closer until their faces were mere inches apart. He lowered his voice to a deeper drawl. His smile was crooked and his eyes half-lidded. “Underneath you? On my knees?”

Steve put a hand on Billy’s chest and allowed fingers to stroke bare skin between a gaping shirt collar. Billy’s breath caught. Billy grabbed Steve’s wrist to hold him still and stared him down.

Their silence was turbulent and fierce. The lust burned brighter. Steve breathed in deep and relished the scent. Loved it. Loved giving in to the part of him that just wanted to *take*. It had been so long. Why had he waited so long?

Steve kept smiling, but his edges were sharp and maybe that was obvious. Maybe something of his fracturing, darker insides leaked through visibly and that’s why Billy didn’t bite back. Didn’t try to bluff or deny it. All he said was,

“Get in the car.”

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Steve let go. He stopped trying to pretend at being “normal.” He wasn’t *normal*. He was a fucking demon who fed on the emotions of darker-leaning humans. It was about time he acted like it.

Acted on his *own* terms. Because he refused to give in to the bullshit



expectations of what it meant to be his father's son. But *this*... This was perfect.

Steve reveled in the physical pleasure of fucking Billy Hargrove. More than that, their fucking *was* a revelation. The delightful taste of their sin was a lesson in what Steve Harrington was always meant to be. But hadn't been. Until now.

**Author's Note:**

Not my usual sort of thing and I've never tried non-linear before, but I hope you enjoyed it. :) Thanks for reading.